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MARION;

OR

THE RECLAIMED.

A Play,

IN THREE ACTS,

BY J. R. HAMILTON,

WITH ORIGINAL CAST AND STAGE BUSINESS.

CINCINNATI:
PUBLISHED BY H. W DERBY & CO.
1857.

C. F. Bradley & Co. Print. 147 Main Street, Cin'ti.

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by
J. R. HAMILTON,
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E.B.L. Jan. 8, 20.

TO

MISS ELIZA LOGAN,

IN ADMIRATION OF HER BRILLIANT TALENTS,

THIS LITTLE TRIBUTE IS,

WITH PERMISSION;

VERY RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY

J. R. HAMILTON.

CAST OF "MARION,"

AS ORIGINALLY PERFORMED AT WOOD'S THEATRE,

Cincinnati, December 31st, 1856.

Lord Grantley Howard	J. K. Mortimer.
Lord Loftus	Alvin A. Read.
Lord Crampton	W. H. Leighton.
Sir Thomas Oldham	B. R. Maginley.
Lord Clifton	E. W. Danforth.
Capt. Vanpelt	E. L. Tilton.
Col. Vinman	S. M. Irwin.
Dr. Vinman	S. Parker.
Mr. Ogilvie	T. C. Hutchings.
Mr. Murray	D. Swift.
Mr. Yorke	W. H. Bailey.
Jackson	A. N. Sharpe.
Hodge	G. Browne.
Marion Yorke	Miss Eliza Logan.
Mrs. Murray	Mrs. M. Parker.
" Ogilvie	Miss Alice Duncan.
" Yorke	Mrs. J. K. Mortimer.
" Vanpelt	" Hogan.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

From the Cincinnati "Enquirer" Jan. 12th, 1357.

WOOD'S THEATRE—THE NEW PLAY OF "MARION."—This production of our fellow-citizen, J. R. Hamilton. Esq., has been successful at Wood's Theatre. It is full of intense interest, and the development of character manifests the writer's familiarity with the stage and dramatic action. It was admirably cast—Miss Logan representing the heroine, which she portrayed with the pathos and pure taste that characterize all of her pictures.

The play opens with a domestic English scene—a picture of a quiet rural life. The distinction between the titled peer and the yeoman is well defined. "Lord Grantly Howard" [Mr. Mortimer) becomes enamored of a young and tender girl of humble parentage, but whom he has encountered at some fashionable soiree, while sojourning with city friends. He is half, and only half a villain. After succeeding in ruining her, he is seized with remorse, and finds that he has really loved, and his own happiness has been wrecked, as well as that of another. There are some dark and sombre scenes, when the unfortunate is driven to the last resource of the wretched, and attempts to wrap the deed of suicide beneath the mantle of night, as well as the dark wave of the heaving Thames.

The lighter portions of the play are well sustained. "Captain Jacob Van Pelt" (Mr. Tilton) is a fine, whole-souled character—such as will be recognized as genuinely American, and recommending itself by its generous impulse and utter fearlessness. "Loftus" (Mr. Read) is a fop, and certainly is an excellent type of his class. In fact, there is great distinctiveness in every character—the dialogue is easy and graceful, and with a variety of incidents of the most interesting nature; the unity of the plot is well preserved and the denouement is satisfactory, for the heroine has won every heart from the first by her gentleness, by her devotion and her sufferings. The true heart will not shrink from the judgment of the author, whose rendition of a happy future to "one who loved not wisely, but too well," cannot fail of approval.

The moral endeavored to be inculcated is not without effect. It maintains the postulate that erring woman is not wholly base—that although she may fall beneath the shaft of wicked love, it is not a necessary consequence that the delicate points of her nature are blasted, and that

"She sinks like stars that set to rise no more."

Then, too, it appeals to the charity of society—to be lenient to the weak and unprotected—to be kind to the struggling heart, however intolerant to vice. We look upon this play as a decided success, and Mr. Hamilton may congratulate himself on having contributed a LIVING PLAY to the language. The new scenes painted by Mr.

Porter, artist of the Theatre, were very beautiful. They reflect credit upon his taste and judgment. By the way, we know no scenic painter who better arranges perceptive, who manages drapery or architectural designs so well. He is a man of genius and decided taste.

From the Cincinnati "Gazette," January 1st, 1857.

WOOD'S THEATRE—THE NEW PLAY.—The new three-act play of "Marion," or the Reclaimed," by J. R. Hamilton, Esq., was produced for the first time last night. There are some clever hits and excellent dramatic effects, and the production was a decided success with the audience.

We have never seen a new play so well put upon the stage. Miss Logan's "Marion" (a part by no means equal to her powers) was, of course, admirable. Messrs. Mortimer, Tilton and Read sustained their characters with great spirit and fidelity; and not a single part in the drama was poorly rendered.

The leading performers were all called before the curtain at the close. The author was also called for, with considerable enthusiasm.

From the Cincinnati "Commercial," Jan. 1st, 1856.

THE NEW PLAY AT WOOD'S THEATRE.—"Marion, or the Reclaimed," a new play in three acts, written by J. R. Hamilton, Esq., of this city, was produced for the first time on any stage last night at Wood's Theatre; Miss Eliza Logan and Mr. Mortimer in the leading characters. There was an audience very respectable in numbers and highly intelligent in character, and the verdict was—SUCCESS. The literary merit of the play is quite considerable. It abounds in happily-turned periods, and felicitous phrases; occasionally rising to true beauty, and in some instances decidedly touching and strong; and, more than this, the play acts well;—at least it did so with the cast it had. The scenes—with the exception of a few episodes of tediousness, were all spirited, as was evinced by the hearty relish with which it was accepted by the audience, whose rounds of applause were frequent and genuine.

MARION;

OR

THE RECLAIMED.

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Grantley Howard. An English Nobleman.
Lord Crampton. Affianced to Lord Grantley's Sister.
Lords Loftus, Clifton, Lovelace, and Sir Thomas Oldham. } Friends and acquaintances of Lord Grantley.
Captain Vanpelt. An American Sea Captain.
Mr. Yorke. A poor, respectable farmer of Gloucestershire.
Dr. Vinman. A Clergyman of New York, (formerly tutor of Lord Grantley.)
Colonel Vinman. His Nephew.
Mr. Murray. A Merchant of New York.
Mr. Ogilvie. A wealthy citizen of London.
Hodge. A Country Boy.

Mrs. Yorke. Wife of farmer Yorke.
Marion. Their only child.
Mrs. Vanpelt. Wife of Captain Vanpelt.
Mrs. Murray. Wife of Mr. Murray, and Sister of Col. Vinman.
Mrs. Ogilvie. Wife of Mr. Ogilvie.
Servants, &c.

SCENE. Two first Acts in England—Third, in America.
Costume. Modern.

MARION;

OR

THE RECLAIMED.

ACT. I.

SCENE I. *Evening. A Room in an Old English Farm House.* MR. YORKE *is sitting,* R. 2d. E. *at a fire, smoking his pipe.* MRS. YORKE, R. C. *knitting.* MARION, L. C. *with Guitar.*

Mr. Yorke. That's all very pretty Marion; but, somehow, I dont like these new-fangled tunes so well as the old ones. Can't you sing some of the old airs you used to love so, before you went to London? Your aunt Ogilvie has so filled you with finery, that I dont think you see and hear as you used to.

Marion. My dear Papa—

Mrs. Y. There's "Home, sweet home" now;—you havn't forgot that, have you darling?

Marion. That is very sweet, Mama; but nothing in comparison to this. It requires a cultivated taste you know, to like Bellini's music.

Mrs. Y. True, My child, but we old-fashioned folks havn't much taste or knowledge for that. The simpler the tune, the more it goes to my heart. Ain't it so with you, Father?

Mr. Y. Aye:—so it is. It's like a glass o' my home-brewed cider, (*knocks ashes out of his pipe and takes a draught,*) better than all your fizzy French Champagne. It's good and true, with no false mixture in it. Now my dear, sing "Home, sweet home;" somehow, I can't hear that song too much. Every blessed word of it seems to twine 'round a poor man's heart.

Enter HODGE, *hurriedly*, L. D. F.

Hodge. Here's Lord Grantley Howard.

Exit, L. D. F. *after Lord G. comes on.*

Enter LORD GRANTLEY HOWARD. L. D. F. (*they all rise respectfully, and* MARION *looks confused.*)

Lord G., (*shaking hands.*) Do not let me disturb you, my kind friends; I was passing by at the moment, and the cheerful light through your lattice, was irresistible.

Mr. Y. Always proud to see you Lord Grantley; and to give you such welcome as a poor man can.

Mrs. Y. Won't you come to the fire my Lord? It is a cold night.

Lord G. Thank you, I do not feel it; (*approaches Marion and takes up her music.*) What have you new, Miss Yorke? Ah! my favorite Norma—I see.

Marion. Papa does not like Italian music.

Lord G. No—why?

Mr. Y. O! yes, I like it. But we were saying, my Lord, that the old-fashioned tunes were the best.

Lord G. More nature and less art; that's your fancy, eh, neighbor Yorke?

Mr. Y. That's it. Good sport to day my Lord?

Lord G. Excellent. We killed on Squire Turnbull's lawn, after a hard two hours run.

Mr. Y. We saw the whole field go by in splendid style. Mother, won't you bring another glass for his Lordship? You'll taste some o' my last years' cider, Lord Grantley? It's about the best I ever made.

Lord G. I should like it much. (*Exeunt* MR. *and* MRS. YORKE. R. I. E.) Marion I was detained—the hour has come at last, when I must prove the faith you put in me!

Marion. (*Trembling.*) My Lord! I scarce know what to do. Sometimes I feel as if I poised o'er the abyss of ruin, and then—my heart reproachfully persuades—you *would* not, *could* not wrong me?

Lord G. My beauteous angel! be that true heart your guide! Brief must we be. To-night at twelve, steal through your casement leading to the lawn, and to the wicket gate, where I will meet you. My carriage will be at hand to take us to the station. Come well wrapped up. Nothing but your sweet self.

Marion. And my poor parents! they will die of grief!

Lord G. Marion, this is weakness, why should they grieve? Have I not told you how my fortune stands—why, for the present, secresy is needful? Think you that I would wrong you?

Marion. No my dear Lord—I do not think you would. (*Starting.*) Here comes my Father!

Re-enter MR. *and* MRS. YORKE, R. I. E. *with Pitcher of Cider, and one Glass.*

Mr. Y. Now then my Lord, try some of this—your Lordship is a judge, I know.

Lord G. (*Drinks.*) Most excellent! You must oblige me neighbor Yorke, with a good cask of this.

Mr. Y. With pleasure, my Lord; Hodge shall take one to the Castle to-morrow.

Lord G. Resume your needle Mrs. Yorke, and you your pipe good neighbor; I would not have entered if I had thought I should disturb your little circle. I hope Miss Yorke will favor us with, at least one song before I leave.

Marion. (*Falteringly.*) My Lord, I am not in voice.

Mr. Y. Oh yes, Marion; try, that's a good girl, dont be afraid of his Lordship.

Marion. What shall it be?

Mr. Y. Since you are so fond o' new things, my dear, suppose you sing the song you gave us last night. It's a melancholy thing my Lord, but very pretty for all that.

MARION *with trembling voice, and deep emotion, sings* "*The Blighted Flower.*"

I had a flower within my garden growing;
I nourished it with fond and anxious care;
Rich in each charm of nature's own bestowing,
Of tints unrivaled, and of fragrance rare;
In evil hour, there came about my dwelling,
One, who had blighted many a flower before,
He saw my gem, all other flowers excelling;
He smiled upon it, and it bloomed no more!

Next day I found it withered and degraded,
Cast by the spoiler carelessly away—
Its beauty gone—its varied richness faded,
Despised, forsaken, hastening to decay!
Vainly I strove the fading spark to cherish;
Nought now remains of what was once so dear;
Only with life can fond remembrance perish,
Or cease to flow the unavailing tear!

(MR. *and* MRS. YORKE *are visibly affected. At the conclusion,* LORD GRANTLEY *rises in a hurried and agitated manner.*)

Lord G. Thank you Miss Yorke, that is an exquisite song. I must retire.

Mr. Y. Won't you try another glass, my Lord?

Lord G. No more I thank you. Good night—good night!

(*Exit* L. D. F. *and signs to* MARION.)

Mrs. Y. (*Approaching* MARION, *who has her hand to her face.*) Why—Dolly, you look pale! How? Crying! what's the matter my sweet child?

Marion. (*Bursting into tears, and throwing her arms round her mother's neek.*) Nothing Mama, but a mere passing feeling. 'Twill soon be over. That song affects me so. I must retire. Good night;

(*Kisses her parents, and Exit.*) L. I. E.

Mr. Y. Poor little Marion! I thought her voice trembled very much while she was singing; but then, I thought she was frightened

because Lord Grantley Howard was here. She aint going to be sick, Mother?

Mrs. Y. No Father; but I dont know what to make of our Marion lately. I've watched a change grow over her. She isn't as she used to be before she went to visit our rich relations, the Ogilvies, in London. She's got to reading books of fancy, novels, and all that kind of rubbish, until I think, sometimes, our humble cottage does'nt look to her as it used to. (*Shakes her head mournfully.*) I never liked her going to London.

Mr. Y. Oh! mother, you're always looking at the black side o' things. Marion is young and handsome, and, for the matter o' that, we must expect young folks to have some fancies, that old ones forget they ever had. Marion is educated, too; remember that; and *that* the Ogilvie's did for her, although they are too proud to notice us. Marion one o' these days, will marry well, mind that.

Mrs. Y. My poor darling! indeed I hope so!

Mr. Y. It was very kind o' Lord Grantley to drop in, wasn't it?

Mrs. Y. Yes, it was. He is really a good young man; and, if every Landlord was as kind to poor folks, as he is, the world would jog on easier. But, Father—it is getting late, so let us retire.

(*Exit* R. I. E.)

SCENE II.—*Moonlight night. Cottage in the back ground, among Elm trees;* MARION *alone at the garden gate, wrapped in a cloak; Distant chimes heard.*

Marion. Grantley not here! tis strange!
Hark! tis the midnight hour! the solemn chimes
From Gloucester's aged Tower swell on the breeze,
And, like the knell of my departed joys
Appal my conscious soul! Oh! my dear mother!
How often as a child, at this lone hour,
When the wind howled, and dismal sounds were heard,
Have I crept nestling to your beating heart,
And, as it rocked my timid frame to sleep,
Have heard—at intervals—those very chimes

Float in the troubled air! And then you told
How the same God who ruled the sweeping storm
Would deign to guard a little child like me,
If good and truthful. Oh! my poor mother!
Perchance even now—wrapped in unconscious sleep—
Your mind is dreaming of your daughter's joys,
And your fond lips murmur a prayer for *me!*
Oh Marion! Marion! thoughtless, cruel Marion! (*weeps.*)
But wherefore should I weep?—(*dashing her tears aside.*)
The step is wrong,
But, out of wrong to bring my Parents good.
Grantley is true!—yes—I would sooner doubt
Yon shining moon illumines now the sky,
Than think HIM false,—and he has sworn to wed me!

Lord G. (*Leaping over a style—and clasping her to his bosom.*)
Yes, my adored one—and will swear again!
Sweet Marion! dry these tears, or I shall feel
The veriest wretch for causing them to flow.
Nay,—(*Kissing her*) now they're gone,—I've kissed them all away!
The night is cold, I'll wrap this scarf around you.

Marion. (*Pointing* R. H. *to the Farm House.*)
Look! Grantley, look! must I not weep for *that?*
'Tis, yesterday, just sixteen years ago—
Under that roof, amid those aged trees—
That I first saw the light. In all that time,—
Except the grief that springs for others' woes,—
I have not known a sorrow. An only child,
A doting Father's and a Mother's pride,
Far from the world I've grown in innocence.
I had no thought but theirs, knowing no guile—
My inmost soul was open to their gaze
From infancy till now. Thus had I lived
Until the blissful hour in which we met!
From that sweet hour my peace of mind was gone!
I drank your honied words,—I loved your worth,—
Until—forgetful of my lowly sphere,—
My untaught bosom, in consuming flame,

Centred all things, in Heaven and Earth, on YOU!
Let not deceit pollute my virgin soul,—
Grantley—let me return! (*Weeps leaning on him.*)
Lord G. Hush!—dearest Marion!
What boots it now to weep—when on the eve
Of doing what must seal their joy for ever?
Say—is it nought to quit a peasant's home,
The thousand ills that weigh the poor man down,
For the sweet relish of luxurious ease
And all the charms nobility can lend?
Come—Marion—come!
Marion. Oh! but we were *so* happy!
Lord G. And why not so again? When the time comes
For me, with safety, to divulge our course,
Think you your parents would be grieved to find
Their darling Marion consort of a Lord!
Come—lean on me,—the night grows very cold,
The carriage waits us at a distance hence,
And, we must onward, lest we be discovered.
Marion. (*Turning with solemnity towards the Cottage, and kissing her hand.*)
Then—one long, last farewell! Farewell, my parents!
And you my old dear home,—farewell! (*pauses*) Grantley to you,
And to my God—I now commend myself! (*Exeunt.*) L. I. E.

SCENE III.—*Interior of Farm House,* (*As before.*) *Hodge putting wood upon the fire, and bellowing lustily. Loud and continued knocking at the door.*

Enter MR. *and* MRS. OGILVIE, L. D. F. *The latter extravagantly dressed.*

Mr. O. Is Farmer Yorke at home?
Hodge. Boo-hoo!
Mr. O. I say—Boy—Is anybody at home?
Hodge. Boo—oo—hoo!

Mrs. O. (*Petulantly.*) The boy is an idiot. How very strange it is they do not employ a more decent person to receive their visitors.

Mr. O. Cant you tell me, my good boy? is your master or mistress, or anybody at home?

Hodge. Y-e-e-e-s—they be—Boo-oo!

Enter MRS. YORKE, *weeping violently.* R. I. E.

Mrs. Y. Oh! Mr. and Mrs. Ogilvie; I beg your pardon. I didn't know who it was. Poor Hodge is beside himself with grief this morning.

Mr. O. Good morning, Mrs. Yorke. We are on a tour to the lakes, and thought we would call and see you.

Mrs. Y. Thank you sir—you are very kind.

Mr. O. My dear Madam you seem distressed. No serious trouble I hope?

Mrs. Y. (*Sobbing.*) Oh! yes, indeed sir—yes—

Mr. O. Dear, dear! I am sorry to hear it. Any one dead?

Mrs. Y. No Sir—nobody dead—but—

Mrs. O. How is Marion? Did she get the last package I sent? It was full of brocade silks, and a beautiful edition of George Sand.

Mr. O. Hush! Mrs. O., this is not the moment to be talking of such rubbish. Poor Mrs. Yorke is evidently in much trouble.

Mrs. O. I presume, Mr. O., I am not obliged to ask your permission to speak.

Mr. O. Perhaps not, Madam—but—

Mrs. O. There's no *but* in the matter Mr. O., and—

Mr. O. (*Taking Mrs. Yorke kindly by the hand.*) Be seated my dear madam. What is the cause of this distress? Pray tell me. (*Seats himself beside her.*)

Mrs. Y. Oh! Mr. Ogilvie—I dont know how to tell you. You know our poor Marion—you know how we loved her, and did all for her as poor folks could. Ever since she was a little baby, and I nursed her in these arms, I always tried to teach her what was right, and I never knew Marion think or do a thing that was'nt right. Lord help me, Mr. Ogilvie—I can't go on.

Mr. O. Pray, my dear Madam, be composed; you alarm me—what is the matter?

Mrs. Y. She's—she's run away and left us! (*Sobs.*)

Mr. and Mrs. O. Run away!

Mrs. Y. Last night we were all together, happy and contented, as we always were. She sang and played for us, and Lord Grantley Howard came in, as he often does, 'mong us poor folks. He's such a good, kind gentleman! Soon after he left, Marion did'nt seem well, and went to rest; and when I 'woke this morning—oh dear! oh dear! my poor, sweet baby was'nt there!

Mr. O. Well—but perhaps she has only gone to see some neighbor, and will soon return.

Mrs. Y. Oh, no—Mr. Ogilvie, look here, look here, (*draws a crumpled letter from her bosom.*) My poor old man thinks to the last, it can't be true, and has been hunting her, ever since, like a madman; but nobody can tell us anything about her. Look here, Mr. Ogilvie; read this—(*hands him the letter.*) I found it on her dressing table.

Mr. O. (*Reads.*) "My beloved parents: Before you read these lines, your Marion will have left the happy home of her childhood, and a Father and Mother, the recollection of whose idolizing love pierces her heart while she pens these words. I know how you will grieve for me; I dread what slander may say of the step I have taken, but, my dear parents, I am under a spell which is irresistible, and in my soul I am acting for the best. Forgive the deception, which, for the first time in my life, has stained a single act of mine towards you. As to the course which I have taken, why, with whom, and to what purpose, I cannot, *must* not tell you; but be consoled with the assurance, that I fly with one far above my condition in life; one who loves me, and who will lead us all to happiness, and fortune. Adieu! my dear parents; and, be assured that whenever you think of me, your cherished image will, at that moment, be occupying the heart and mind of your loved Marion." (*re-folds the letter slowly, and hands it to Mrs. Yorke.*) Alas! poor child! "*Above my condition in life!*" Can it be possible that Lord Grantley Howard!

Mrs. Y. Lord Grantley Howard! oh! Mr. Ogilvie—impossible! Lord Grantley never could do so;—oh! no, no, no. So kind and gentle as he is! oh! no—Mr. Ogilvie. I know there are bad men in the world, but the Almighty never made a man so bad as that. To sit with us as he did last night,—to talk and smile so kindly, and all

the while watching the ruin of a poor honest girl, and her old parents' heart a breaking!—oh! no—Mr. Ogilvie,—I'm sure it isn't him,—it never can be Lord Grantley Howard! (*weeps violently.*)

Mrs. O. I always told you so, Mr. O.

Mr. O. What Madam?

Mrs. O. That Marion would require looking after.

Mr. O. (*Mimicking her.*) "Told me so,"—and what if you "told me so?" I always told you too, Mrs. O., that the nonsense which was being put into her head by the gossiping, dressing, giddy, extravagant, romance-reading, infernal clique that infest your circle in London, was enough to turn the head of any girl. I have heard flattery enough poured into the ear of that poor little child, to make a thousand peasant girls fancy themselves Queens and Duchesses.

Mrs. O. That's all very fine, I dare say,—but pray Mr. O,—

Enter MR. YORKE, R. D. F. *rushing in, almost breathless,—he does not recognize his guests, but throws his hat on the floor, and sinks into a chair.*, C.

Mr. Y. It's all over Mother!

Mrs. Y. And where is she gone?

Mr. Y. Oh! the Lord knows. I beg pardon, Mr. Ogilvie, and you, Mrs. Ogilvie,—I didn't see you; oh Lord! oh Lord!

Mrs. Y. (*Approaching her husband affectionately.*) Come, Father! don't take on so. You musn't do it,—you musn't indeed. God will protect us and bring her back.

Mr. Y. No—Mother—no!—It's all over! To drink with a man, laugh with a man, shake hands with a man,—and then—oh Heaven!

Mrs. Y. Oh Father, why do you talk so? tell me, do,—have you heard anything about our poor Marion?

Mr. Y. Yes, Mother,—heard it all!—Old Billy Hooper, the toll-gate keeper, saw 'em go through in a carriage. As he came out with his lantern the light fell full in her face. It was our Marion! and—the villain is Lord Grantley Howard! (MRS. YORKE *shrieks and falls into her husband's arms.* MR. YORKE *carries her off* L. 2 E. MR. and MRS. OGILVIE *follow. Plaintive music.*

SCENE IV. *A private lodging in London.* LORD GRANTLEY HOWARD *and* LORD CRAMPTON, *seated.*

Lord G. L. Crampton, this matter weighs upon my heart,
And frets my soul to madness.

Lord C. R. (*Gaily.*) Poor love-sick swain! Shall I prescribe for him?

Lord G. (*Mournfully.*) No—not for me,—but for my Marion.

Lord C. Poor little girl!—but, after all, what is it? (*They rise.*)
Why man—you grieve more for this petticoat
Than Loftus boasts of his one hundred conquests.

Lord G. True—but I am not Lord Loftus,
Nor would I,—for ten times the wealth to which I'm heir,
Possess his feelings. Crampton you have known me
From earliest youth,—joined in my boyhood's sports,
Sat by my side through many a midnight vigil
Toiling for honors in old Pembroke's walls;
You've seen my wayward nature plunging deep
In all the follies that beset the great;—
But even you, my oldest, dearest friend,—
Even *you*, have little known me, if you thought—
Spite of the gay and frivolous thing I seemed—
That I can dally with a maiden's honor,
And hold a heart unburdened.

Lord C. No—Grantley—nor can I; although my lively nature—
Judged by a stranger's eye—might be deemed callous,—
You know me well enough, to be persuaded
That I feel as you do. But, when a wrong is done,
For which there's no redress,—why let the mind
Forever dwell on ceaseless, vain repining?

Lord G. No redress, Crampton! That is the fatal rock
Upon whose cruel surface, many a bark
Freighted with beauty, honor, love, and pride,
Has dashed itself to pieces! no *redress!*

Lord C. No;—for when once a maiden's honor's gone;
When the sweet bloom which gave her spotless soul
All its divine perfection; when *that's* lost,

Farewell all hope and joy!—there's no redress!
Lord G. Aye—in the code of *Fashion* it is so.
I know 'twere a vain effort to recall
The joyous hopes, the merry innocent thoughts
That play like sunshine 'round a Virgin's heart;
But,—if we cannot yield that shattered heart
It's pristine happiness,—we may redeem it.
Lord C. Redeem it! How?
Lord G. By throwing round that heart, the only shield
Which can preserve it from pollution's touch,
And from a foul world's scorn.
Lord C. What shield is that?
Lord G. I know but one:—MARRIAGE!
Lord C. (*Surprised.*) Yes—when the step is *possible.*
But, we were speaking of a case like *your's.*
Lord G. Well,—of a case like *mine.* What, if in spite
Of all that Scandal's poisoned tongue could say,
I should yield justice to the peasant girl,
And Marion Yorke become my Lady Howard!
Lord C. (*Laughing.*) An excellent farce, indeed!
Lord G. Often a tragedy makes a good farce.
Lord C. Yes—where the actors blunder. But to be earnest:
Grantley, if I supposed that the bare thought
Of such a folly could but cross your brain
To have one moment's serious lodgment there,
My love and my respect,—deep as they are—
Based on a whole life's trial and devotion,—
Would melt like wax before a glowing furnace!
Lord G. And why, Lord Crampton?
Lord C. Can you ask me why?
Marry a peasant! Call you *that* nothing?
The noble house of Howard come to this!
(*With solemnity.*) By all the friendship that exists between us—
By the deep love you bear to *her,* whose hand
Is pledged to one, dearer to you than Brother,—
By a proud ancestry, whose noble blood
Has flowed for centuries, one unbroken stream

Of Honor, Virtue, and untarnished fame,—
I call on you to pause. 'Tis seldom, Grantley,
That your friend rises to the serious mood;
But, when I hear one, dear to me as you—
Reason thus lightly of his dearest gifts,
And, for the sake of a mere trivial passion—
Casting aside ambition, fame and honor,
Rating at naught his family's Escutcheon,
It causes thoughts that leave no room for jesting.

Lord G. Crampton—I love her dearly.

Lord C. Doubtless you do;—but, does your love die there?
Are there not those who have a higher claim
Upon your heart's devotion, than the wiles
And fleeting fascinations of a mistress? Pshaw!

Lord G. But is it manly, Crampton—thus to pluck
A tender flowret from its parent stem,
And cast it on a bleak and barren world?

Lord C. Are there no ways to save your pretty victim
From dangerous contact with the outward world,
Without entailing on yourself perdition,
And bringing shame upon your noble House?
Place her beyond all want,—and then, dear Grantley,
Fly from her presence, as you would a Syren
Whose mellow voice would lure you to destruction!

Lord G. Crampton, I cannot;—I am pledged to wed her!

Lord C. Such pledges, Grantley, are but frothy bubbles
Upon the surface of unhallowed lust,
And have no root in honor. The ready tongue,
In an unguarded moment, when the soul,—
Blinded by passion,—loses all restraint,
Will utter language which the heart *thinks* true,
But which it spurns at the first dawn of reason.
Shew me the man can raise his eye to Heaven,
And swear he *never* broke a solemn pledge
Made with himself or others! Come, Grantley,
You lay too rude a hand on your poor conscience.
Pledge *me* one thing: that e're you rest to-night,

You pension Marion with so large a sum
As—that through life—she never may know want,
And then—without one pause—quit her for ever!

(LORD GRANTLEY *wavers.*)

Give me your hand,—tell me in solemn faith
I've plucked my brother from the abyss of ruin,
And that this night you leave her!

Lord G. (*Mournfully.*) It must be so! (*Crosses* R.)

Lord C. To-morrow then we meet—to plot together
Our trip to see the Carnival at Paris;
And, my poor Grantley must be changed indeed,
If its gay crowds and laughter-moving scenes,—
Cannot dispel this shadow from his mind.
Your solemn faith is pledged—remember that!

(*Exit* L. I. E.)

Lord G. (*Solus.*) My solemn faith is pledged!—aye—and to what?
The heartless murder of the sweetest innocent
That e'er came spotless from its maker's hand,
To grace this wretched world! Oh! cursed villain!
And triply-cursed the fashions that enforce
Such damned distinctions between hearts that love! (*Comes forward.*)
Now could I give the pride of heraldry,
And all the wealth and dignity of earth
For the rude birthright of the poorest peasant!
What if he lacks nobility and wealth?
What if his life be doomed to honest toil?
His manhood revels in a joyous freedom,
Unshackled by the cold, conventional forms
That weigh the rich man and the noble down.
Oh! Marion!—would to Heaven I had the power
To overcome my birth,—and call thee mine!
But—the deep gulf between us is impassable!
Crampton was right,—it *must* not—*cannot* be!
I'll pen the fatal deed! (*Goes to a bureau and writes.*)
Ah! here she comes! Prepare, my craven heart
For this last struggle between love and reason!

Enter MARION, R. I. E.

Marion. My Lord!—you're pale this evening!—are you not well?
Lord G. No, Marion;—I am not;—but, tis my mind
And not my body ails me.
Marion. My dear Lord!
Let me divide the sorrow which assails you;
For, to deny me *that*, would make my heart
Ache even more than your's.
Lord G. Not now sweet Marion.
(*Aside.*) Oh Heaven!—I cannot tell her!
Marion. (*Gaily.*) My Lord—I have had a dream!
Lord G. I hope a sweet one.
Marion. Yes indeed: as I reclined this evening,
A heavy sleep came o'er me, and my mind
Wandered away unto my lowly home.
Methought I heard our merry village bells
Ring a loud peal; the people hurrying came,
While little girls strewed flowers along the ground;
And soon a shout was raised: "Look, here they come!"
I saw my poor old parents in the crowd
Beaming with smiles; the neighbors came around,
Grasping their hands, and many a voice exclaimed:
"God bless Lord Grantley and his peasant bride!"
I looked again,—and lo! a splendid carriage,
Drawn by four milk-white horses, dashed along,
And in it—oh! my Lord—sat your dear self,
And by your side—your Marion!
Frenzied with joy, I 'woke,—the scene was past,
But my sweet Lord is here to bless my sight!
Strange, is it not—this dream should come the eve
Of the same day that is to see our wedding?
Lord G. Marion!—'twere well if from that golden dream
You ne'er had wakened!
Marion. (*Surprised.*) What means my Lord?
Why all this troubled working of your brow?
Lord G. My poor, dear Marion! In mercy spare me

Those burning words,—which, as they quit my tongue—
Would rend your heart, and turn my own to ashes!

Marion. (*Terrified.*) My Lord!

Lord G. (*Aside.*) Oh, God! I cannot do it! (*Aloud.*) Marion!
Bear with me, my sweet girl, while I relate
The bitter grief which haunts my guilty soul;
And plants a gulf between us both, forever,
Wide as the poles asunder,—deep as Hell!

Marion. (*Starting wildly.*) What!

Lord G. Say, Marion,—did you never,—when your heart
Clung to the wretch who trembles now before you,—
Did you not dream—what difference lay between
A lowly peasant's and a noble's birth?

Marion. (*Trembling and staring on vacancy.*) How!

Lord G. (*Aside.*) Heaven! this will unman me! (*Aloud*) Marion take this paper.
In it you'll find what my tongue dares not utter:
A full confession of my horrid crime,
With what will make you rich. Take it, my jewel;—
'Tis the last act of a despairing heart,
To mitigate the ruin it has caused! (*Rushes from the room*, L. I. E.)

Marion. (*Imploringly.*) Stay!—Grantley—stay! Gone! Heaven! what is this?
Sweet as the honied flower to the bee,
To those dear lips in extasy I've hung,
And drank their nectar!—now—alas! So changed!
What meant those words, those horrid, bitter words,
Which, like an icy blast from the keen north,
Have frozen up the life-blood of my heart?
"*A lowly Peasant's and a Noble's birth!*"
Ha!—Can he then?—Down! down! rebellious thoughts!
He false to *me!*—no—no, he *could* not do it.
Be still, my foolish heart;—Stay—what is this?
(*Reads over in terror, contents of paper, tears it into fragments, and sinks on her knees, her hands raised in agony*)
Grantley! Grantley!—oh! my poor heart is broken!

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Blackfriar's bridge, London. Starlight night.*
(*One year from date of the first act.*)

Enter MARION, R. U. E.

Marion. (*Looking around.*) Yes—yes—'twas here. I noticed well
the spot,
When last my wearied footsteps passed this way.
Thank Heaven! there's no one near. My darling babe!
My only joy through this long year of sorrow,—
The only link that bound me to the earth,—
Thou too art gone! Thy poor, lost, wretched mother,
Now goes to join thee in that blissful land
That's never watered by a mother's tears!
I come my babe;—One plunge will bring me to thee!
Far—far beneath, the sullen waves invite
To their cold depths another broken heart!
Oh! what a stillness!—I can almost hear
My lone heart beating 'gainst its gloomy cell.
The vast world is asleep; and, save the lights
Which glimmer yonder by Thames' oozy banks,
Or the low rumble of some distant car,
I could believe this wilderness of beings
Had left the world alone—to God and me!
Hark!—some one approaches,—I must hide myself.
(*Conceals herself in one of the recesses of the bridge.*)

Enter LORD LOFTUS *and* SIR THOMAS OLDHAM, R. U. E.

Sir T. Ha, ha!—that was an excellent joke, Lord Loftus. Let's stop awhile. How beautiful the night is! Whew! the last polka with those girls has put me out of breath. Take a cigar?

Lord G. But—ah—as I was telling you, Sir Thomas;—what made the matter so iwwesistibly funny, was—ah—the sublime unconsciousness of the fellow himself.

Sir T. He never suspected you, of course.

Lord L. Of course not. His wife perfawmed her part with the most inimitable gwace and tact;—and, ah—in spite of my highly artistic applications to his fwontal sinus—I believe—ah—the fool still thinks me the dearwest fwend he has. Ha-ha-ha! Who is going to be at Clifton's to-night?

Sir T. Lord Crampton and Lord Grantley Howard will be there; but who the rest are I do not know.

Lord L. Lord Gwantley—ah—appears to me a vewy altered man fwom what he was.

Sir T. Yes, he is a strange being,—full of whims and oddities, but a noble-minded man for all that. We were fellow students at College, and I never knew a more open-hearted youth, nor one that I loved more. The affair of that little Gloucestershire girl, which made such noise about a year ago,—what was her name again, by the way?—Marion—something—

Lord L. Mawion Yorke,—

Sir T. Marion Yorke!—yes that was it;—I heard about it on my return from Italy. Well—that affair affected him much, and he has never been the same man since. From being the most jovial of companions, he has grown petulant, morose, and quarrelsome. I don't know how it happens that Lord Grantley and I have seen so little of each other lately.

Lord L. What a confounded ass he pwoved himself upon that occasion, to be sure! Why—ah—Sir Thomas, I was positively infawmed, by some one who heard it leak out, that—ah—he actually wanted to mawwy the girl!

Sir T. Nay—Loftus—it was surely never so serious an affair as that.

Lord L. Ha-ha-ha!—upon my soul, it's a fact; and ah—what is more—when he abandoned her,—he, ah—gave her no less an allowance than six thousand pounds.

Sir T. Is it possible!—where is she now?

Lord L. That is the stwangest part of the affair. She did not weturn home, and has never been heard of since.

Sir T. That was a splendid turn-out, the marriage of his sister with Lord Crampton. By the way,—is there any truth in the report that Lord Grantley is to be married shortly to the Hon. Isabella Munroe?

Lord. L. I have not heard it.

Sir T. (*Noticing* MARION.) By Heavens! Loftus—we have an eaves-dropper.

Lord L. The deuce we have!—where?

Sir T. Oh!—I see—it is only some poor, abandoned wretch.

Lord L. (*Approaching* MARION.) I'll speak to her.

Sir. T. Loftus—we had better not waste time;—we shall be late at Clifton's.

Lord L. (*Accosting* MARION, *and putting his hand upon her.*) Ho, ho!—my Venus!—what bwings you here to-night?

Marion. (*Shrugging in horror.*) In mercy's sake—kind gentleman, abuse me not—I am not what I seem.

Lord L. Ha-ha!—Sir Thomas come here,—here's a pwodigy! She is not what she seems!

Sir T. (*Approaching.*) Come, Loftus—leave the poor girl alone—I'm off, 'tis getting late.

Lord L. (*Still with his hand upon* MARION.) If you are not what you seem, my pretty wench, pway—what are you? By the Lord! Sir Thomas,—young and plump as a pawtwidge!

Marion. (*Cowering in anguish.*) By every call of decency and honor,
I do implore you, Gentlemen, to leave me!

Sir T. Loftus, be quiet, do;—this is no commom outcast, I am sure. Her language and manners denote good breeding. My poor girl! why do you stand here in the bleak night air? Here is money—you can go seek a lodging. (*Offers his purse.*)

Marion. (*Shrinking.*) The Lord reward you, my good gentleman,
For one kind thought to a poor, helpless woman,
But, I am past the need. (*Weeps.*)

Lord L. (*Turning.*) Ha-ha—Sir Thomas,—I did not expect to find so womantic an adventure upon Blackfwiar's bwidge to-night.

You had better pwopose at once to mawwy her, as Lord Grantley did to Marion Yorke. Ha-ha!

Sir T. (*Turning also.*) You will not let me help you then?

Marion. No—my kind sir—God bless you!

Sir Thomas. Well then—Good night!

(*He is moving, when* MARION *plucks him by the sleeve.*)

Marion. (*With eagerness.*) Were you not speaking of Lord Grantley Howard?

Sir Thomas. We were,—

Marion. You are a friend of his?—

Sir Thomas. Yes,—does he know you?

Marion. Tell him for me, that ever since we parted,
My loyal soul has steadfast been to him!
Tell him for me, that from an injured heart,—
Racked, broken, bleeding, though that heart is now,
Poor Marion Yorke *forgives* him!

Sir Thomas. My God! and are *you* then?—

Marion. Ask me no more,—for Mercy's sake, forbear!
Tell him those words—and leave me, I implore you.

Sir T (*Astonished.*) Marion Yorke! (*She sobs aloud.*)

Lord L. (*Bursting into loud laughter.*) Ha-ha-ha! upon my soul this is too wich. Why—Sir Thomas, the wench overheard all we were saying. Ha-ha!—this is a capital stowy for the horse mawines. Come, come, Sir Thomas; you will be quizzed to death, when I we-late this joke at Clifton's to-night. (*Makes a profound bow to* MARION.) Good night, Miss Mawion Yorke;—I—I beg pardon, my Lady Gwantley Howard!—Ha-ha!—

Sir T. And does Lord Grantley Howard not know where to find you?

Marion. Ask me no more, I pray you.

Sir T. (*Fervently.*) Then Heaven protect you, Marion! I will be sure to give him your own words. Good night!

Marion. Farewell!.

Lord L. Ha-ha-ha! Upon my soul, this is the waciest farce I ever saw in my life. Come, come, Sir Thomas;—we shall be too late. It is my turn to huwwy now—I see you are in a down wight dwamatic vein to-night.

(*Exeunt,* LORD LOFTUS, *laughing immoderately.*)

Marion. (*Solus.*) Oh! how like dew upon the drooping rose
Kind words fall on the heart! They have unnerved me,
And almost turned me from my deep resolve!
But—Courage, Marion! He is my Grantley's friend,
And e'er my eyes are closed in their last sleep
My burning farewell will have reached his ear!
Ah me!—to think that momentary pause
Upon the dreadful border of eternity,
Should have brought us so near again in contact!
Grantley! Grantley!—little did you dream
When, in your pride, you turned from me in scorn,
How bleak and barren is this dismal world
To her whose pathway has diverged from virtue!
Oh! had you tracked my footsteps—day by day,—
Seen my lone struggles for our helpless babe,—
Felt the deep canker gnawing at my heart,—
And all endured for YOU;—ah! far above
All pride of birth, all circumstance of wealth,
Your just and manly conscience must have ranked
The deep devotion of a woman's heart!
But now—alas!—'tis part and all forgiven!

(CAPTAIN VANPELT *without, singing:*)

"A Yankee ship and a Yankee crew,
Tally hi ho—you know;"—

Some one approaches!—Heaven receive my spirit!

(*Climbs parapet.*)

Capt. V. (*Enters.* R. U. E.) My stars! What's that? Somebody on the parapet! A woman! What's in the wind? Ahoy!—Belay there! Belay!

(*Rushes to the parapet and seizes* MARION *at the moment she is about to spring off.*)

Hilloa! my lass;—You're too young for Davy Jones' locker. A pretty little craft like you, so trim and neat, full-rigged, ropes all taut,—to run foul of a leeshore and no hand to steer her! Oh no—this ain't shipshape—no—no—no—no!—

Marion. (*Faintly.*) Oh! oh!

Capt. V. My eyes! Here's a squall!—and no port for shelter! She's gone and fainted away!—(*puts a flask to her mouth.*) Perhaps this will bring her to. Ahoy! Cab—cab!—come, look up sweetheart! Don't be afeard o' me. Jacob Vanpelt was never yet the man to pass a ship in distress, or see a woman harmed. (*Takes Marion in his arms.*) There—that's how I'll stow you away, my rosebud. Now then, my hearty. All safe aboard. Let's get under weigh. Steady—so—ahoy there! Cab! ahoy! (*Carries her off the stage.*)

SCENE II. *A parlor in a small house in London.* MRS. VANPELT *alone, arranging a table.*

Mrs. V. I can't think what makes Jacob so late. He said he would be back by ten o'clock at latest. We sail to-morrow, and so, I suppose, he has been overworking himself; poor fellow! (*Places a tankard and a pipe on the table.*) There's something to comfort him when he comes in. (*Clock strikes.*) Twelve o'clock! Something must be the matter. I shouldn't wonder if he has found out some poor creature in distress,—and gone all over London to help him. Ah! Jacob—you are the one to get rich! I believe you'd give your very head away to do anybody good, if it wasn't fastened on so tight. Because he sees so few beggars in our own happy country, directly he puts his foot ashore here, his hands go in and out of his pocket, scattering money right and left, as if it was picked up like sand by the seaside. And, when I tell him he's too good,—"never mind Polly" —says he—"it will all come right in the end,—I can't help it." My poor husband! It is very foolish, I know,—but, his heart is big as a lion's; and I love him all the better for it. Ah! here he comes at last!

Enter CAPTAIN VANPELT, L. I. E. *supporting* MARION.

Capt. V. My eyes!—Polly—here's a go!—

Mrs. V. What is the matter now, Jacob? Who is this?

Capt. V. Whew! I'll tell you all about it presently. Fetch that chair, Polly.

(*They seat* MARION *by the fire, and stand apart a few moments in earnest conversation.*)

Mrs. V. (*Approaching* MARION.) Poor child!—oh!—Jacob ain't it horrible!

Capt. V. Horrible?—aye Polly—as I was a going to say,—if that ain't enough to capsize the temper o' Job himself, and make the coolest Quaker blaze away,—there's no such thing as a heart in man or woman. Chalk that down.

Mrs. V. (*To* MARION.) Never mind, my dear, don't fret;—it will all come right in the end. You have committed a wicked sin; but the Lord knows how your poor, innocent little heart was betrayed, and he will forgive and protect you.

Marion. Oh! oh!

Capt. V. Aye, Polly,—its no wonder she leaks. Such a yarn as that would fetch eye-water from an alligator. (*Wipes his eyes.*) To think of a poor little craft like that, boarded by a pirate,—rifled of all her riches,—scuttled,—and then left to dash herself to pieces upon breakers! The damned villain! Oh! but there must be men in the world whose hearts are black as thunder. (*Turns to* MARION.) Cheer up, my lass—cheer up! There's many a craft as hasn't shipped the seas and weathered the gales that you have, which, for all that, won't show so fair a log as you in the world to come. Chalk that down, Sissy, and don't cry. You're safe-moored *now*, thank Heaven!

Marion. (*Weeping.*) Oh dear!—oh dear!

Capt. V. Look ye here, Sissy,—as I was a going to say—Jacob Vanpelt is not the man to put his oar in other people's affairs; but,—I feel an interest in you like,—I want to be your pilot till you can find a better. I must come athwart hawze o' the damned vagabond who served you so. What's his name—and where does he hail from?

Marion. My dear, kind friend, I do not understand you.

Mrs. V. My husband wants you to tell him, my dear, who it was that wronged you; his object is,—if possible,—to bring him to a sense of justice.

Marion. Oh! never, never, my kind, gentle friend.
You have no notion of the gulf between us;
And then again,—my poor, crushed, bleeding heart,
However loving,—cannot sue for love!

Mrs. V. That's very true, my child; but whoever it is could not, if there remains in him one particle of manhood,—know what you suffer for his sake, without making you the only reparation which is yet in his power.

Capt. V. I'm sorry, Sissy, you're all adrift with my lingo, but Jacob Vanpelt is true as a compass for all that, and has his weather-eye open;—chalk that down. I ain't a going to brew a storm in a puddle, oh no;—nor bring you into squalls;—no, no, no;—but, as I was going to say,—if I could only come athwart this fellow, veering about like a dogvane in a calm, I guess it would puzzle him to boom me off;—he must have a soft place somewhere;—I'd hail him to heave to,—and, if he didn't,—why then, damme! I'd pour such a broadside into him, that he'd be forced to strike his colors.

Mrs. V. Tell us, my dear, who it is. It is no idle curiosity that makes us ask you.

Marion. Since, my dear friends, you know so much already, it is Lord Grantley Howard.

Capt. V. Oh ho! so the wind's in that quarter, is it?

Mrs. V. Lord Grantley Howard! why Jacob, it's one of the noblest families in England. His name is as much known on the other side of the water, as it is here.

Capt. V. Noble or not noble,—what's that to me? I hail from a land, thank my stars! where nobody is noble but those that God made noble. I call him noble only, who in word, thought and deed, proves himself a MAN! Lord Grantley Howard, is it? And so, because this shark is born a Lord, he is to scour the seas, devouring every thing that comes athwart him; and nobody is to overhaul him, or send the grains into his cruel carcass! I only wish I could get into his wake, that's all. Where does he live?

Marion. The family estate is down in Gloucestershire, but he is now in London.

Capt. V. In London, eh?—Then, shiver my timbers! if I don't clap on all sail, and be aboard of him this very night.

Mrs. V. Jacob, its of no use doing things in such a hurry. What good can *you* do by talking to Lord Grantley Howard,—and at such an hour as this?

Capt. V. What good can *I* do, Polly? Why the flames do you

ask that? I dunnow till I try;—"'tis a small leak sinks a great ship," poor Richard says;—besides you know we get under weigh to-morrow, to cross the Atlantic; and this little prize here, has promised to go with us. If I lose this high-tide, what other chance shall I have for talking to him about her? (*To Marion.*) Where abouts in London do you think I could find him at this hour, Sissy?

Marion. I accidentally overheard two gentlemen to-night say, that they were on their way to meet him at a party at Lord Clifton's.

Capt. V. Where is that?

Marion. In Belgrave Square—I believe.

Capt. V. Give me my hat, Polly—

Mrs. V. You won't go *there* to see him, Jacob?

Capt. V. Go there? (*Vehemently.*) I'd go to the devil to get within hail of him! (*To* MARION.) Excuse my lingo, my pretty lass, but Jacob Vanpelt has heard enough to-night to make every fibre of his heart quiver. Never mind, though that heart is rough,—like a good bark, it's sound below. She's down to her bearings in a jiffy, with a heavy puff like this,—but, there she sticks, and won't careen no further. (*Puts on his hat and seizes a stick.*) Polly, you'll see and have all ready for starting with Marion to-morrow. (*To* MARION.) Good-night, Sissy—I'll see all's right ahead.

Marion. (*Detaining him.*) Dear Captain,—but you surely mean no violence?

Capt. V. Never fear me, my lass;—Good-night, good-night.

(*Exit,* L. I. E.)

Marion. Oh! how my heart beats at this dread encounter!
No good can come of it,—perchance much harm.
Lord Grantley's name should not have passed my lips.

(*Exeunt,* R. I. E.)

SCENE 3. *Residence of* LORD CLIFTON, *Belgrave Square, London. Time, Early morning. Lords* CLIFTON, CRAMPTON, LOFTUS, GRANTLEY HOWARD, LOVELACE. SIR THOMAS OLDHAM, *and other Noblemen carousing. Walls garnished with swords, pistols, and boxing gloves, &c.*

All. Ha-ha-ha! Bravo—Bravo!

Lord Clif. A capital song, Lovelace! Now Loftus let us have your story.

Lord L. Clifton it is getting almost time to leave; and laughter and good cheer together, have made me as hoarse as a waven.

Lord Clif. Never mind, we'll forgive your hoarseness; and as to leaving, I'll not hear even a hint of that. We're far from daylight yet. Fill, fill my friends. More wine! (*Servants replace bottles.*)

All. Loftus' story.

Enter SERVANT, L. I. E.

Servant. (*Approaching* LORD CLIFTON.) My Lord,—a strange man his in the all, and hurges hadmittance to see Lord Grantley Oward. E will take no refusal e says.

Lord G. To see *me* at this extraordinary hour! Who is he? what does he want?

Serv. I don't know, my Lord. E is a rough-looking man, dressed in a pilot coat, some sailor I think; and talks such hodd words I can scarcely hunderstand what e says.

Lord Clif. Did he not give his card?

Serv. No, my Lord. (*Hesitatingly.*) E said e did not carry damned pieces of pasteboard in his pocket. Your Lordship's pardon, but those were is very words. (*Grins.*)

All. Ha-ha-ha!

Lord Clif. Nor his name?

Serv. No my Lord. E was very himpudent. E simply hinsisted upon seeing Lord Grantley Oward, and said that e would know oo e was, quite time enough.

Lord L. A Wussian Plenipotentiawy, beyond all weasonable doubt.

Lord G. Who the deuce can it be? I'll go and see him.

Lord Clif. No Howard—if you have no objection, we will have him here. From Jackson's description, the fellow must be a character, and may be food for sport. Jackson, show up this stranger.

(*Exit Servant,* L. I. E.)

Lord L. By the way Clifton, I have the best stowy to tell that we have heard yet. This vewy night as Sir Thomas Oldham and I were cwossing over Blackfriar's bwidge, who should we meet but,—aha! I see Sir Thomas alweady waising his finger at me to wefwain,—but

the joke is too wich to be lost,—so—here goes, Sir Thomas:—Well—ah—as I was wemarking, who should we meet upon the bwidge but—

Re-enter SERVANT, L, I. E.

Serv. This way my good man, hif you wish to see is Lordship—

Capt. V. (*Entering.*) None o' your good manning to me—you ugly painted son of a seacook; you gold-and-tassel baboon you. Drop astern you lubber. (*Pushes him amidst general laughter.*)

(*Exit* SERVANT, L. I. E. *frightened.*)

Lord Clif. To whom, Sir, are we indebted for this very timely and ceremonious visit?

Capt. V. To Jacob Vanpelt, master of the trim barque, Mary Jane, bound to New York. Now you have my manifest—I want your's,—who the devil are *you?*

(LORD GRANTLEY *and* LORD LOFTUS, R. C. *approach. The latter examines* CAPT. VANPELT *superciliously through an eye-glass.*)

Lord Clif. You are addressing, Sir—Lord Clifton.

Capt. V. I am, eh? Then you're not the man I am seeking. (*Looks contemptuously at* LORD LOFTUS.) Who is this fellow here overhauling me so with his spy glass, and with curls all round his figure-head like a poodle dog? Is he a Lord, too?

Lord L. I would wecommend you, Sir, to be less personal in your wemarks, concerning me. Let me wemember you, fellow—that I am no other than Lord Loftus.

Capt. V. The deuce you are!—Then Lord Loftus, cut off that oily swab from your figure-head—pull that thing out o' your starboard eye, and don't twist your mug so—and then perhaps you'd pass muster for a man.

Lord L. (*Turning indignantly.*) A damned impertinent fellow, Clifton. I would vewy soon show such a wetch my door.

Lord Clif. What is the purport of your visit, Sir?

Capt. V. To see Lord Grantley Howard.

Lord G. Well, Sir; here I am.

Capt. V. (*Eyeing him from head to foot.*) My stars! are *you* then Lord Grantley Howard? and in the shape of a MAN?

Lord G. I am.

Capt. V. Then let's heave to for a while, and give a wide berth to the rest o' the crew. I've something to say to you that's for no other ears, and when you've heard it, if you've any feeling left, you'll squirm like a whale when the harpoon has struck him. (*They come forward.*)

Lord G. Who are you, Sir?—and what is the meaning of your coming to interrupt me in this extraordinary manner among a select circle of my noble friends?

Capt. V. (*Raising himself proudly.*) As I told you before, I am Jacob Vanpelt, Captain of an American vessel, and tho' I ain't a Lord like you, I am every inch a MAN, Sir. Chalk that down. That's who I am. Now, as to what brings me here,—listen: You see as I was plying my way home to-night across Blackfriar's bridge, from where I had been busy preparing for getting under-weigh to-morrow; just as I fetched the centre o' the bridge—

Lord G. Well, Sir,—what's all this rigmarole to me?—

Capt. V. Lookye here—Lord Grantley,—it ain't o' no account cutting the thread o' my yarn in that fashion. You must hear me out. As I was a going to say—Did you never come athwart a little craft named Marion Yorke?

Lord G. (*Starting.*) MARION YORKE!

Capt. V. Aye, Marion Yorke!—(*aside,*) That shot told,—now for a broadside:—(*aloud.*) Well as I was a going to say,—just as I fetched the centre o' the bridge I saw something climbing up the parapet. It loomed devilish ugly! It was dark—not a glim except the stars,—but it was light enough for me to see it was a woman! (LORD GRANTLEY *is much agitated.*) I hailed her to heave to, but, she never looked aft, nor said a word, but kept a climbing. In a twinkle I saw which way the wind blew,—gave chase—caught her at the very minute she was a going to slip her cable to sail for Kingdom Come and—

Lord G. (*Seizing his arm.*) It was—

Capt. V. MARION YORKE—as sure as you stand there!

Lord G. My God!—you saved her?

Capt. V. Aye-aye sir; and saving that poor lass makes Jacob Vanpelt feel taller than when he found the St. Denis at sea, masts gone,—six feet o' water in the hold,—and no provisions; and brought her people safe ashore. My good old woman at home has got her safe

in tow. The sweetest girl that ever eyes beheld! By the power that made me, Lord Grantley Howard,—but, I wouldn't be you—no—not to be ten Lords rolled into one! Don't you feel bad for treating a poor lass like that?

Lord G. Captain—I do. Give me your hand. You seem an honest man. Your words have sunk deeply into my soul. Come with me to an anti-room for a few moments—and tell me more of this.

(*Exeunt* Lord Grantley Howard *and* Captain Vanpelt, r. i. e.)

Lord L. Crampton—who the devil is that great bear that has just left the woom with Lord Gwantley? The fellow's impudence would be intolewable if it were not so widiculously outlandish.

Lord Cramp. I never saw him in my life, before.

Lord L. Lord Gwantley seemed to wecognize him; at least he shook his hand warmly as they left the woom. By the way—how very eccentwic Lord Gwantley is at times.

Lord Cramp. He called himself an American Captain, did he not?

Lord L. Yes, and if he is a specimen of an Amewican, I wonder how any civilized being can weside in such a country. Pon honor—I could as soon make fwends with the Ojibbeway Indians I saw dancing yesterday.

Lord Clif. Come my friends,—fill your glasses again. This beautiful episode has interrupted our conviviality. Loftus the bottle is with you.

Lord L. (*Filling his glass, and passing the bottle.*) Yes,—and the stowy too, Clifton. But, I must wait 'till Lord Grantley weturns; he is so deeply intewested in the matter, that I could not, of course, wender the stowy full justice without him. Ha-ha!

Sir T. Loftus, beware! this thing goes past a joke.

Lord L. (*Sipping his wine.*) Ha-ha-ha! upon my soul Clifton, I don't know what the world is coming to. Vewy soon laughter will be pwohibited by municipal wegulation;—we must all turn Quakers,—get fined for kissing our sweethearts and wives on Sunday, like the ancient Puwitans;—and, I do vewily believe Sir Thomas already thinks it a gweat sin, under any circumstances, to cwack a joke with a pwetty girl anywhere.

All. Ha-ha-ha!

Sir T. No, Loftus;—but there are times when jokes are so inconvenient that they cease to be jokes, and this is one of them.

Lord L. Pooh—pooh! Sir Thomas; you are too wigid in your notions; I shall appeal to all pwesent when they hear the stowy.

Lord Clif. What is this joke, Loftus? You have raised our expectations so high, that it must be a very good one indeed to go down with us now. But—here comes Lord Grantley.

Re-enter LORD GRANTLEY, R. I. E. *He seats himself moodily, opposite* LORD LOFTUS.

Lord L. (*Aside.*) And looking as angwy as a thunder cloud! (*Aloud.*) Well—Lord Grantley, you have got wid of your fashionable fwend at last. He was the queerest genius I ever saw.

Lord G. (*Sharply.*) An honest man, Sir!

Lord L. I thought you would wequire a surgeon after the gwip of the hand he gave you.

Lord G. A hearty shake and a warm heart generally go together.

Lord Clif. Your long confab has been keeping us on the tenter hooks of expectation, all this time, Lord Grantley. Loftus says he has a capital story to tell us, but, he would not begin it till you returned. Now then, Loftus:

Lord L. It is a little joke against Sir Thomas Oldham, that's all. Well:—as Sir Thomas and I were cwossing Blackfwiars' bwidge, to-night, tempted by the beauty of the night, we paused a moment to converse. We soon perceived that we were overheard, and, on approaching the intwuder, found it to be a girl;—and—ah—let me assure you my fwends—a wemarkably pretty one. With that gallantwy, for which, I believe, I am somewhat notorious,—I, of course, accosted her. (*Imitates Marion.*) "Pway, Sir" said she,—"leave me alone,—I am not what I seem." Ha-ha-ha!

Sir T. (*Glancing at Lord Grantley.*) Nor was she—Lord Loftus. You have a strange notion of jesting.

Lord L. Ha-ha! I see Sir Thomas is determined to spoil my stowy. "Well, my dawling,"—said I,—passing my hand over one of the most beautifully pwoportioned busts you ever saw,—smooth as the finest Cawawa marble,—"if you are not what you seem,—what are you?"—Ha-ha!

Lord G. I should have thought, Lord Loftus, that the first rebuke should have saved the poor girl from further molestation.

Lord L. Ha-ha! Lord Grantley,—I see you are as romantically inclined as Sir Thomas;—but, to my stowy:—up comes Sir Thomas, gwave as a judge. (*Imitates him.*) "Loftus, be quiet!—This is no common outcast, I assure you,—Her manners are so good." The cunning wench, who had overheard the conversation between us, was feigning a part, which told admiwably with Sir Thomas. "Tell Lord Grantley, for me"—she exclaimed, with a most dwamatic burst of tears, (*Imitates* MARION,) "That from a bwoken heart, poor Marion Yorke forgives him!"—Ha-ha-ha!

Lord G. Am I to take this, Lord Loftus, as a deliberate insult?

Lord L. Upon my soul, Lord Grantley, it is true. The dirty twollope spoke those very words,—did she not, Sir Thomas?

Lord G. How do you know, my Lord, that she deserves those terms?

Lord L. How do I know?—Well—that is wefreshing, indeed!—Ha-ha!—Let me catch but one glance, and I can tell you Lord Grantley—as soon as any man—a common—

Lord G. Withhold your ribaldry, Lord Loftus—I'm in no mood to bear it.

Lord L. (*Angrily.*) The devil you are not! then perhaps you had better get into one. Since when, my Lord, had you the right to *command* me! I shall speak, Lord Grantley Howard, in what terms I please, of common strumpets.

Lord G. (*Rising furiously.*) She was none such, You lie, Lord Loftus! and thus, I spurn your base, polluted tongue! (*Dashes a glass of wine into* LORD LOFTUS' *face. The party rise in confusion amidst cries of "shame! shame!"* LORDS GRANTLEY *and* LOFTUS *strive to get at each other, but are withheld.*)

Lord G.
Lord L. } Pistols! Pistols!

(LORD LOFTUS *rushes to the wall and seizes a sword.*)

Lord L. Hand him a weapon, lest I be driven to murder!

Sir T. Hold—Loftus!

Lord G. (*Seizing another sword.*) Stand to your guard!

Lord Cramp. Grantley! desist, for Heaven's sake!

Lord Clif. (*Interposing.*) My Lords! my friends! forbear—shame! This is butchery—'tis not the work of gentlemen—My Lords—can we permit this?

Lord G. Stand to your guard, you coward!

Lord L. Have at you then! (*They fight.* LORD LOFTUS *falls.*)

END OF ACT SECOND.

ACT III.

SCENE 1. *New York. A magnificent ball room in* MR. MURRAY'S *house, 5th Avenue.* MARION *alone, holding a casket of jewels, and an open letter.*

Marion. A love gift sent to me! to Marion Yorke!
My dear, kind friends! ah! little do you dream,
When lavishing your fondness upon me,
How this poor, broken, lost, unworthy heart
Bleeds at the very acts that win it's love!
Ah! little do you think, when mirth prevails,
And, 'mid the gay throngs of the merry dance,
I too am forced to smile,—how like that smile
Is to the dimpled eddy of a pool,
Where all beneath is blackness and corruption!
My Parents!—where are they?—perchance no more!
Or, if they live—rueing the fatal day
When, bending o'er my cradled innocence,
In their loved babe they but beheld a *curse*!
But—gentle Heaven is witness how, my soul—
In it's despair, has sued it for forgiveness;
And how—in spite of all my dreadful trials,
My heart has still remained true to my Grantley!

(*Reperuses the note.*)

So Colonel Vinman loves me! Heaven forgive
The mean deceit, which my poor, injured virtue
Is forced to play upon such generous friends!
Oh! dreadful choice! when, to escape from scorn,
An honest heart must barter with dishonor!

(*Sobs aloud and exit* R. I. E.)

Enter COLONEL VINMAN *and* MRS. MURRAY, L. H.

Col. Vin. And how did Mrs. Hayward receive my present?

Mrs. M. I cannot understand her, my dear brother. She burst into a flood of tears, and, after throwing her arms wildly around my neck, hurried from my presence, and left me speechless and bewildered with emotion.

Col. Vin. Dear girl! what can be the cause of this perpetual sadness? Do you know anything of her former history?

Mrs. M. Nothing, but what my Uncle Vinman told me. She was brought over to this country some six months ago by Captain Vanpelt; the noble fellow who saved you and Uncle Vinman from a frightful death on board the St. Denis. Just before he returned to England, he told Uncle that she was a young widow, poor—but respectable and deserving, and entreated of him to do all that he could for her. She at once became a governess in my family. Even if gratitude did not compel us to yield kindness and protection to one in whom Captain Vanpelt is so deeply interested, Mrs. Hayward's gentle manners and sweet nature, have so won upon me, that, I confess I could not love her more, were she my sister,

Col. Vin. What an unaccountable being!—is she not? For four long months I have been paying my addresses to her. There is not a thing which could flatter her pride, prove my devotion, or arouse her sensibilities, which I have not tried, and all in vain. Wrapped in some mournful reverie, she looks as pure, but as cold and unapproachable as an iceberg. If I were deformed,—a thief—a drunkard; some miserable wretch who would take her from affluence, and drag her to ruin, I could understand this persistent rejection of my suit; but, when I see this in one,—who,—lovely as she is,—is not in a position of independence,—and, I have it in my power to make her both wealthy and happy,—I confess it puzzles me. She will drive me to despair! Oh! if I only knew some secret entrance to her heart! Can you not find me a key to it my sweet sister?

Mrs. M. The only key I know George, is PERSEVERANCE. You may be as proud as you please of the laurels you won at Monterey and Buenavista; you may be ever so skillful in beseiging fortifications, but, you know little of the ramparts of a woman's heart, if you are going to despair already. (*Laughs gaily.*) Women are queer things I tell you. *Persevere*, George, PERSEVERE!

Col. Vin. But, do you really think she has any love for me?

Mrs. M. I know this much: she has a deep *respect* for you, and, that is a long step gained. Love and respect are very closely related in a woman's heart. Once let Respect make a good breach, and Love will soon rush in to take the citadel by storm. That is a good military illustration, is it not my brother?

Col. Vin. (*Sighing.*) Very good in theory; I only wish I could reduce it to practice.

Mrs. M. (*Patting his face playfully.*) Courage!—my brother; and, do look more cheerful. Remember, this is the anniversary of my wedding day, and, I will have nothing but joy around me. I must away,—for, while I talk of love, our friends are all neglected.

(*Exit*, R. I. E.)

Col. Vin. Alas! Joy comes not to the troubled heart
Which loves like mine, but finds its love disdained!

(*Enter a* SERVANT, C. *who places a card in* COLONEL VINMAN'S *hand, and immediately withdraws.*)

Enter LORD GRANTLEY HOWARD.

Col. Vin. (*Much surprised.*) Lord Grantley Howard! my dear and noble friend! This is an unexpected pleasure. When did you arrive?

Lord G. Only yesterday—dear Vinman. Some months ago I landed in New York; but, have been taking an amusing and instructive tour through the United States. I met your uncle, my excellent old friend and tutor, Dr. Vinman, yesterday; and, was directed where to find you. Did he not speak of my arrival?

Col. Vin. Not a word. My uncle relishes a joke so well, that, doubtless he intended this as an agreeable surprise.

Lord G. No doubt. The dear old Gentleman! But, with all his joking, Vinman,—we talked of serious matters. From what he told me, I presume I should commence with my congratulations.

Col. Vin. R. Congratulations! for what?

Lord G. L. He told me that—unable to leave off your warlike habits—you are desperately and successfully beseiging the heart of a beautiful and charming young widow; and, that a short time would

probably find you in the sweet bonds of wedlock. Aha! So you are caught at last, my Benedick!

Col. Vin. Just like my Uncle Vinman! No—my dear friend;—my uncle's cheerful nature, and love for me, lead him to look with hope and pleasure upon a passion, which, hitherto, has caused me nought but anguish. 'Tis true I love, and deeply;—but, the realization of my blissful dreams is not so clear to me as it appears to him. However, more of that anon. Lord Grantley, this is the anniversary of my Sister's wedding. Mr. Murray, my Brother-in-law, gives a grand ball, and, you are just in time to grace it. I shall have the pleasure, not only of introducing you to my family, but, to the fair cause of all my suffering. She resides with them.

Lord G. It will afford me the deepest pleasure. 'Tis long since I have said farewell to gaiety; but, for this occasion, and with *such* inducements, I must forego my rule.

Col. Vin. By the way,—since you have been my father-confessor, it is only fair that I should turn the tables, and become your's. I have just returned from Europe; and, while in London, saw Sir Thomas Oldham, who told me of that tremendous scrape of your's at Lord Clifton's. You heard, of course, how it terminated?

Lord G. Oh yes. Thinking that I had slain Loftus, I immediately took flight to America; and, Crampton wrote me a long account of the affair. I regretted extremely that my temper so far overcame me in the residence of a friend, and, I sent Clifton an ample apology; but, when I found I had inflicted no lasting injury upon Loftus—I really rejoiced at the punishment I gave him.

Col. Vin. And, so did every one present at the scene.

Lord G. (*Thoughtfully.*) My temper and manhood were tested to their utmost.

Col. Vin. Unquestionably. Loftus' indecent anecdote annoyed Sir Thomas much; and, prevented him from touching upon the subject with you in a very different manner. The circumstance impressed him deeply at the time; and, he affected me so much by its recital, that, you must excuse me Lord Grantley, if, on the strength of our long friendship, I even now allude to it.

Lord G. (*With solemnity.*) Dear Vinman; the intimacy which has existed between us from boyhood, induces me to listen, with re-

spect, to anything you might say upon a subject dearest of all other's to my heart. But,—you can be spared a recital—I know it all!

Col. Vin. Was it then really Marion Yorke who accosted Sir Thomas on the bridge?

Lord G. It was.

Col. Vin. How do you know it?

Lord G. I know it—and far more. That eccentric fellow, one Captain Vanpelt, who came to see me at Clifton's, related all. He found her climbing the parapet; and—oh, Heaven! barely had time to save her from self-destruction!

Col. Vin. Dreadful!—but who did you say the Captain was?

Lord G. One Vanpelt—an American;—a very singular fellow.

Col. Vin. Do you remember the vessel's name?

Lord G. I do not.

Col. Vin. The "Mary Jane," bound for this city?

Lord G. I really think it was.

Col. Vin. Then, I know the man.

Lord G. Is it possible?

Col. Vin. Aye, *intimately*; and, a noble fellow, he is. Strange to say, we have just received intelligence of his arrival from England; and, he will doubtless come to see us immediately.

Lord G. This delights me!

Col. Vin. But, where is Marion?

Lord G. That's what I would give my title now to know. The Captain, failing in his application to me, (which, although quite unheard of in audacity, betrayed a generous heart,) spoke as if he would protect her; but, would give no further clue to his movements.

Col. Vin. Who knows but she may be in this very city?

Lord G. It is not only possible, but probable.

Col. Vin. (*Rises and claps his hands.*) Bravo! I'll find her for you. (*Thoughtfully.*) But—Lord Grantley,—why would you seek her? You surely would not— (*They come forward.*)

Lord G. (*Very earnestly.*) Vinman—you wrong me. Heaven forbid it!—listen:

So deeply does poor Marion haunt my soul,
So keenly do I feel the wrong I've done her,
That—could I but behold her once again,

Prove to myself, beyond all shade of doubt,
That her young heart has never swerved from me,
I'd cast aside all title, wealth and fame,—
All the ambitious longings of my life,—
And throw myself a suppliant at her feet,
To merit, if I *could*, a love like her's!

Col. Vin. Lord Grantley,—are you serious?

Lord G. By my soul, I am!
My solemn vow is registered in Heaven,
That none but Marion ever gets this hand!

Col. Vin. But then, my Lord—

Lord G. Pardon me—Vinman,—
I know what you would say: The pride of ancestry,—
The vast disparity that lies between
A peasant's daughter and a nobleman,—
The slur upon my name,—the tongue of scandal,—
The bitter laugh of scorn! I've weighed *all that;*
But, far above nobility's proud claim,
The herald's blazon, or blind Fashion's Code,
I rank my MANHOOD,—nature's true nobility—
And that rich gem—a steadfast woman's heart!

Col. V. Ah:—There indeed, spoke nature's nobleman!
But, think, Lord Grantley,—such a step as that,
Would damn forever, your proud rank at home;
Lord Grantley Howard wed a peasant girl!

Lord G. What if the foolish prejudice of caste
Should make old England frown upon our union?
Thank God! the generous soil on which I stand,
Spurns all distinctions, but those made by Heaven!
In this majestic temple, reared to Freedom,
So she be pure, my Marion could stand forth,
The peer and equal of the proudest lady
Whose brow is circled with a diadem!

Col. V. Give me your hand, my noble-hearted friend.
I'll speak of this to Vanpelt, when I see him,
And, if your poor, lost Marion, can be found,
My joy shall be to bring you both together,

And see her sorrows cast aside forever!
Come with me to my sister.

Lord G. Not now, dear Vinman;
You see I am not prepared. Pay my respects,
And, at a later hour, I'll join your circle. (*Exit*, L. C.)

Enter company from every side in gaily-dressed couples.

(MR. MURRAY *escorts* MARION, *who is in mourning.* COLONEL VINMAN *advances to receive her. Music and dancing; during which* COLONEL VINMAN *and* MARION *converse apart. At conclusion of dance exeunt all but* COLONEL VINMAN *and* MARION. *They come forward.*)

Col. Vin. Repulse me not, dear lady!—oh! if a being lovely as you are, can deign to look on ME, tell me—oh! tell me—how to gain your love.

Marion, My love, Sir, is no longer mine to give
You never can have that.

Col. Vin. Withdraw those words, or, you will make me frantic!
What dangers shall I brave to *merit* it?

Marion. Alas! you merit now a better love
Than *mine* would be.

Col. Vin. Impossible!—tell me at least to hope.

Marion. And, if your fate could see that hope fulfilled,
What vantage would you hold in a poor heart
Already broken, worn, pre-occupied?

Col. Vin. Ah! let me but be Lord of that dear heart,
And, although broken and pre-occupied,
I would not yield its remnant for a throne!
My deep devotion would bind up its wounds,
And make it throb with peace and joy again.

Marion. Never! never!

Col. Vin. "*Never*" falls harshly from the lips of one
Whose youthful bloom has not yet reached its zenith.

Marion. Ah! Colonel Vinman; but, some hearts may live
In one short year the lapse of many!
Leave me—dear Sir,—oh! leave me, I implore you!

Col. Vin.. But, Madam,—is this grief *never* to cease?
One would imagine that the joys of earth,
Joys—which for one like you—might be deemed boundless,—
Had been collected in one bitter hour,
And cast into the grave forever!

Marion. And so they are. Sir, if you respect me,
You will refrain from touching on a chord
Which vibrates to my soul in agony! (*Weeps.*)

Col. Vin. Pardon me—Madam,—if, my too earnest zeal
Has uttered aught that could recall to mind
Sad memories of the past. But, the grave,
Though it may rob what we most prize of earth,
Should never teach our aching hearts despair,
Nor seal them up forever from all sympathy.

Marion. A something deeper, colder than the grave,
Has sealed mine up forever.

Col. Vin. Bitter words!
That fall so strangely from a gentle being
In the full spring-time of her youth and beauty.

Marion. Strange words, alas! they may be, but too true!

Col. Vin. As the chaste moon, on some bright summer's night,
When lovers' eyes are levelled at her disk,
Suddenly sinks behind some dismal cloud,
And leaves the dark world mourning for her loss;
So—you permit this gloomy cloud of sorrow
To veil your charms from honest adoration.
Oh! bid it then disperse,—and shine again
The brightest jewel in the starry Heaven!

Marion. Liken me rather to some barren rock
Torn by an earthquake from its native cliff,
And standing, all alone, in naked gloom.
Let the adventurous wanderer beware,
Who seeks t' explore its dark and mystic caves!
The troubled surge that boils around that rock
Would dash his bark to pieces; or, if not,
Alas! he'd find nought to repay his pains
But desolation! Leave me—I beseech you!

Col. Vin. Dearest lady! I have seen the hour,
When war's loud thunder and its bloody havoc
Could waken in this breast no throb of fear;
But, now I tremble at those cruel words!
They send a chill of horror to my heart,
For, in their depth, I read my own despair!
In mercy—tell me to live on in hope;
Without your love, the world is one drear blank!

Marion. Indeed—indeed, sir,—but I fear 'tis hopeless.

Col V. Ah! say not *hopeless!*—and, this very night,
Before my aching head rests on its pillow,
Again I'll plead; and, on my bended knees
Confront my doom. Never fell a sentence
Upon the eager ear of a poor criminal,
As your's will fall on mine, for good or evil. (*Exit*, R. I. E.)

Marion. (*Solus.*) Yes—yes—he loves me! Gracious Heaven!
What anguish hast thou yet in store for me?
Already did I think that sweet repentance
Had soothed my bleeding heart; but, this new grief
Has come to tear its gaping wound afresh.
Love! love!—ah! Marion, what is love to THEE!
Grantley! Grantley! why didst thou so wrong me?
When thou could'st cast this worthless heart away,
Why did'st thou not instruct it to *forget?*
But, no—in spite of all its wounded pride,—
Though an infinity is placed between us,—
Like the burnt moth, still hovering round the flame
Which would consume its tender form to ashes,
My foolish, fluttering heart still clings to thee,
And can admit no other love than thine!

Re-enter MRS. MURRAY, R. C.

Mrs. M. Marion, my darling,—I have been looking everywhere for you. Where is my brother George?—You have not refused him?

Marion. (*Throwing herself wildly at* MRS. MURRAY'S *feet.*)
My kind,—my generous friend!—oh! pardon!—pardon!

Mrs. M. Heaven! what is this?—Marion! Marion!
(*Aside.*) This dreadful sorrow must have wrecked her reason!
Marion. (*Clinging to* MRS. MURRAY.)
Kind Heaven is witness, how my soul abhorred
The base, deceptive part which I have played,—
But—
Mrs. M. (*Raising Marion to her feet, and embracing her.*)
My sweet sister—cease this horrid grief.
Marion. (*Laughing histerically.*)
SISTER! Ah! call me not by that sweet name
Which, like a dagger, strikes me to the heart!
Mrs. M. My Marion, what means this? this sudden passion,
These vague, mysterious words,—and frenzied manner
Have sent a thrill of terror to my soul.
Say—what is it that can oppress you thus?
You must have learnt enough of me to know
That 'tis a *friend*, who clasps you to her bosom!
Come—tell me all,—
Marion. No—no,—not now;—
My conscious tongue is palsied at the thought;—
I cannot,—dare not! (*Weeps vehemently.*)
Mrs. M. (*Weeping.*) But—you know, my love.
Marion. Alas!—and shall I turn that love to scorn?
Mrs. M. SCORN!
Marion. Aye!—in pity, press me now no more;
And, e're these streaming eyes know sleep again,
I will,—in my despair,—unbosom all!

(*Exit*, R.)

Mrs. M. Alas! dear girl!—what can this frenzy mean?
Scorn! scorn! why should *she* speak of scorn?
She, whose bright charms, and sweet, refined grace
Must challenge the deep love of all who know her!
I'll follow her, and strive to soothe her grief.

(*Exit*, R.)

SCENE II. *Another room in* MR. MURRAY'S *House.*

(*Enter* CAPTAIN *and* MRS. VANPELT; MR. *and* MRS. YORKE. L. I. E. *Distant music of the ball is heard.*)

Capt. V. Hilloa!—what's in the wind I wonder? I say—Farmer Yorke, they seem to be having a grand flare up to-night. There they go!—won't Marion be glad when she knows I've brought you with me! Brace me down, somebody, afore I fly off like loose canvas in a gale. (*Makes a few grotesque turns to the music of the waltz.*) Whew! shiver my timbers! but this is a great day for Jacob Vanpelt. (*To Mr. and Mrs. Yorke.*) Didn't I tell you I'd bring you to her? Whew! Jacob Vanpelt, you ain't as light o' foot as you used to be. I'm a blowing like a grampus.

Mr. Y. My poor child! oh! how I tremble at the thought of seeing her.

Capt. V. (*Tapping his shoulder encouragingly.*) Come—come—old friend, this won't do. Cheer up, neighbor. Shiver my timbers! just when the cockles o' my heart are warming at the thought o' seeing Marion, here you are careening over, for all the world, like an old crazy hulk in a trough o' the sea. Cheer up my hearty! Marion is with good folks, I tell you; and, nobody knows anything to say against her. But, mind you put a clapper upon your tongues when you hear anything said about *Mrs. Hayward*, that's all. If you don't, you'll capsize us; and, maybe, let out something as you oughtn't.

Mr. Y. Oh! Captain Vanpelt; if I could only, see my poor, dear child, as she used to be! so innocent—so—

Capt. V. Avast! neighbor,—I know what you are at. It's the same old yarn we've had a hundred times. Lookye here, Farmer Yorke, as I was a going to say: I know the act was wrong, *very* wrong,—and, mind you—I ain't a going to lend a fist to help it. Chalk that down. But, although the world, if it knew it, would bear down upon that poor little craft, like a three-decker upon a helpless smack;—damme, if in my eyes—and, I believe in the eyes o' God,—

her heart ain't as pure as the snow on the top of that iceberg we nigh run foul of, on our passage home.

Mrs. Y. My poor, dear Marion! although my old heart bleeds whenever I think of her; oh! how it leaps at the bare thought of seeing her again.

Capt. V. As I was a going to say—Mrs. Yorke,—you and her Father must meet her, colors flying at the mast-head, and not half-mast high in crape, d'ye hear? No—no—that won't do. That would break her poor little heart outright. Lord, if you only knew what she has suffered all this time. Poor lass! Why, she has shed tears enough in the last year, to float a marlingspike. Is *repentance* nothing? Tell me that, Mrs. Yorke. (*His voice falters.*) Is the good life she led afore and aft that *one* false step, to count for nothing? Don't you believe it, ma'am. There isn't one drop o' sorrow has ever fallen from poor Marion's eyes, but a just God has kept it safe aloft, to wash her soul to whiteness! (*Draws his sleeve across his eyes.*)

Mr. Y. From my heart and her Mother's, Captain, she will have forgiveness; and, I hope, from her Maker also; but oh! the world! the world!

Capt. V. (*Recovering himself.*) And, what about the world? Who knows anything about Marion? Besides, what is the world Marion ain't good enough for? I tell you what it is, neighbor, as I was a going to say,—there's many more in this big world sailing under false colors, than you or I may dream of. Chalk that down. Look out on Broadway here, for instance, any day of the week. Look at the fleet o' crafts of all sorts you'll see there; from the rich merchantman of uppertendom, down to the poorest fishing smack o' Five Points. There go your Union Squarers with shawls a streaming out like silk ensigns, stays well set up, and rakish gaff-topsail bonnets with pennants a-flying, all colors o' the rainbow! Are *they* all right d'ye think? Devil a bit, Farmer Yorke. Talk o' virtue! There's many a one among 'em flaunting away in the sunshine o' prosperity, that, when overhauled, and made to show their manifest, won't be able to hold on to the skirts o' your Marion, in the Kingdom of Heaven! Chalk that down, Farmer Yorke. Hilloa! here comes somebody. (MR. *and* MRS. YORKE *are much agitated.*)

Enter, Dr. Vinman, Col. Vinman *and* Mr. Murray, r. i. e.

Dr. V. Captain Vanpelt! my dear old friend; I'm very glad to see you. When did you arrive?

Capt. V. This very morning. I'm mighty glad to meet you, Dr. Vinman—and you too, Colonel—and Mr. Murray, and all looking so hearty. Gentlemen, these are the parents o' Mrs. Hayward. (*Parties salute each other.*)

Mr. Y. Mrs. Hayward!

Capt. V. (*Aside to Mr. Yorke.*) Belay there!

Mr. M. Mrs. Hayward will soon be here with my wife. She was so overcome by the announcement of her parents' arrival, that it will take her some few moments to recover.

Enter, Lord Grantley Howard, l. i. e.

(Capt. Vanpelt *and* Mr. Yorke *recoil a pace or two.*)

Capt. V. Shiver my timbers! if it ai'nt *he!*

Col. Vin. (*Advancing to him.*) It is Lord Grantley Howard! Welcome, my noble friend!—

Mr. Y.
Mrs. Y. } Lord Grantley Howard!

(Lord Grantley *stands aghast.* Mrs. Yorke *falls back in her chair, and* Mrs. Vanpelt *applies restoratives.* Mr. Yorke *staggers, and leans against* Capt. Vanpelt. Dr. Vinman, Col. Vinman *and* Mr. Murray *overcome with astonishment.*)

Dr. Vin. (*Taking the hand of Capt. Vanpelt.*) My dear old friend—what is all this?

Capt. V. Much more than *I* can tell, good Dr. Vinman.

Dr. Vin. (*To Capt. Vanpelt.*) Say—why all this excitement? This is Lord Grantley Howard,—and, are not these the parents of Mrs. Hayward?

Capt. V. They are the parents of *Marion Yorke!*

Dr. V. And who is Marion Yorke?

Capt. V. (*Pointing to* Lord Grantley.) Ask it of that villain, *he* can tell you.

Dr. Vin. (*Turning to* Lord Grantley, *who has buried his face in his hands.*) Lord Grantley, what is this?—for mercy's sake, explain.

Lord G. A wretched, self-confessed villain, confronted with his crime!

Dr. Vin. (*Horror-struck.*) What!

Lord G. (*Approaching* Mr. Yorke *with solemnity, and holding out his hand.*)

My good, my honest, my much—injured friend,
Will you forgive me?

Mr. Y. (*Shrinking.*) Away! Lord Grantley Howard!

Capt. V. (*Vehemently.*) Avast!—your touch will give him leprosy!

Lord. G. (*Seizing both Mr. Yorke's hands.*)

Nay—Heaven has pardon even for the damned,
Thus, then—old man—I do implore it!

Enter Marion, r. i. e. *leaning in terror on* Mrs. Murray.

(*She recognizes her Mother, rushes wildly towards her, and throws herself at her feet.*)

Marion. Mother! forgive! forgive! (*After some moments, she is about to rise; recognizes* Lord Grantley *at her side; shrieks and falls senseless.*)

Lord G. (*Raising her to her feet, and kissing her frantically.*)

Marion! by heaven, it is my Marion!
See to her ladies. (Mrs. Murray *and* Mrs. Vanpelt *run to her.*)

Capt. V. (*Wiping his eyes.*) Lord Grantley Howard—Here's a wreck, indeed.!

Lord G. (*Solemnly to* Dr. Vinman *and* Col. Vinman.) My friends, one word—

Bear with me for a moment, while I explain
The dreadful scene which passes now before you.

(*They converse apart for a few seconds.*)

Dr. Vin. (*Aloud.*) Horrid avowal!

Lord G. When I awoke to gaze upon the ruin,—
My wayward heart, still struggling with honor,
Would have impelled me to the *only* course
To seek forgiveness!

Dr. Vin. And what prevented it?

Lord. G. The gulf, which, in the Old World, fashion places
Between the noble and the lowly born.

Dr. Vin. True—true!

Lord G. That gulf—dear Doctor—seemed to me impassible.
Still, in despair my fluctuating soul
Struggled and wavered between right and wrong,
And, I did think that honor would have triumphed!
But, when my friends shewed to my fevered gaze
The loss of caste, th' envenomed tongue of scandal,
And foiled ambition,—the picture was too dreadful!
I bent to CUSTOM and abandoned HER!
Bear witness—Heaven!—how dearly too I loved!

(*Overcome by emotion.*)

Capt. V. (*Pacing the room in agitation.*) Coward! Coward!

Lord G. Aye—coward! coward!—I deserve the title.

(*Turns to* MARION.)

But, as I hope salvation yet from Heaven,
Could I but get my Marion to forgive me,
I would forego all title, wealth, and power,
To merit the sweet love she once did bear me,
And blot this stigma from my soul forever!

(*Throws himself at the feet of* MARION, *who has regained her senses.*)

Capt. V. Done like a man! (COL. VINMAN *stands speechless with emotion.*)

Dr. Vin. (*To his nephew.*) Bear it like a soldier and a christian. It is the will of Heaven! (MRS. MURRAY *crosses to* COL. VINMAN *and bends over him.*)

Lord G. (*Rising.*) Come—dearest Marion. *Advances with her.*)
Tell me—my sweet one;—
In spite of all the hideous, dreadful past,
Tell this repentant heart YOU can forgive!

Marion. (*Plaintively.*) As I do hope to see my sin forgiven,
Dear Grantley—I forgive.

Lord G. And, tell me too—you do not quite despise me,
Since *love*, I cannot, dare not hope again!

Marion. All-seeing Heaven bear witness, that my soul

Through every trial, in spite of every grief,
Has never for one moment, turned from thine!
Fixed, as the steadfast needle to the pole,
My heart—dear Grantley, has been true to thee!

Lord G. Angelic being! then hasten to these arms!
These cruel arms, which, in their base desertion,
Have given thee intenser power to prove
How noble was the heart I dared to scorn!
Since you have uttered the sweet note of pardon,
In mercy—dearest—breathe the word FORGET;
And, as I swear, in face of Heaven and man,
That henceforth, my fond soul, knows nought but thee,—
Thus let me seal the blissful vow forever!

(*Embraces her.*)

Marion. And, shall we never, never part again?

Lord G. *Never*—my love—'till Death's cold hand divides us!

Marion. And—think you, Grantley, Heaven will bless our union?

Lord G. Why—my adored one—should kind Heaven not bless
The union of two souls, so deeply tried?
The very griefs that tore our hearts asunder
Now form the links to bind them both together!

Marion. Then, joy forever! Marion's prayer is heard,
And, one lost soul to happiness, reclaimed!

Lord. G. Come—dearest—come,—in this auspicious moment,
'Ere yet, this holy minister unites us,—
Let us together, on our kness, implore
A pardon and a blessing from our parents.

(*They kneel together, at the feet of* MR. *and* MRS. YORKE, *who place their hands upon them in silence and agitation. The others group around them.*)

CURTAIN FALLS.

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